ARCHIE RYMAL

DROPS INTO A GOOD HUMOR TO TELL STORIES.

Relates His Experience of Paralysis—The Doctors Told Him He Could Not Live—Goes Home to Die—Now He Is Cured.

Something good can come out of Canada, if people would only believe it. As a proof of this, we reproduce the following from a leading Canadian paper. Mr. Archie Rymal, a well-known citizen of Brantford, Ontario, was talking to a newspaper reporter one day, when he told the following story:

"Yes, sir; I am a living witness to the efficacy of Dodds Kidney Pills, which are, in my opinion, the best remedy now offered to the public. Everybody in our city knows of my case and how bad I was. You can get lots of witnesses to substantiate my statements. If you wish, I will tell you all about my sickness and cure.

"About a year and a half ago I took a dull pain in my back. I could not understand what was the matter with me. One day a friend handed me a parcel and it dropped out of my hands. He picked the parcel up and handed it to me again, but it fell the second time, and it dawned on me that my arms were almost powerless."

"Well, did you drop the parcel accidentally?" the reporter asked.

"No, it just passed through my hands and I was powerless to sustain any weight in them. I began to get worse and the doctors told me that partial paralysis was setting in. Gradually I lost all the power of my legs, arms and the muscles of my back. I got so very bad that I had to walk on crutches. Finally I was admitted to the Brantford hospital, and while there I was in a frightful state. I could not sleep at night and I was so powerless that I had to be turned in bed.

"I could get around the room with the aid of two crutches, but if I sat or lay down I had to remain in that position until I was assisted to move.

"My case was pronounced incurable and I was discharged from the hospital without any hope of ever being cured.

"Several doctors held a consultation on my case and they decided that my disease was a complication of kidney disease, heart trouble and paralysis.

"I can tell you the outlook was not at all agreeable. I went home to my mother's place near Hamilton, there to die.

"I only weighed 107 pounds and there was very little of me left.

"Shortly after I reached my mother's, I heard and read of Dodds Kidney Pills having cured paralysis. I had not much faith that anything would do any good in so advanced a case as mine. However, my wife got a box of the pills and I began taking them. The first box did me good. I could feel a peculiar change come over me. With the third box the pain left my back and my appetite partially returned. With the seventh box I threw away my crutches, and after having taken ten boxes I felt like a new man—I am now fully recovered, having taking nineteen boxes in all.

"I now weigh over 145 pounds, and am gaining a couple of pounds a week. My cure can be ascribed to nothing but Dodds Kidney Pills."

Fortunately for the people of this country these pills are now within easy reach of all. If the local druggist does not keep them, they may be procured by writing the Dodds Medicine Company, Ltd., Buffalo, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada. Price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50. Be sure to get Dodds.

M. Worth, the famous dressmaker of Paris, keeps a regular force of about fifty persons, besides the employes of the dressmaking department, numbering from 200 to 700 girls, according to the season.

Miss Adeline Knapp, who has been for several years the race track reporter of the San Francisco Call, rides man-fashion, in Turkish trousers, a cutaway coat and a silk hat. She owns a number of fine horses.

Inquiring Son—Papa, what is reason? Fond Parent—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right. Inquiring Son—And what is instinct? Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.

Hospital nurses and their friends will be interested in some statistics which have been compiled by Professor Tyndall. According to these, hospital nurses only attain, on an average, the age of 25 years, while the non-nursing women reach the quite mature age of 58.

BRILLIANTS.

Covetous men need money least, and yet they most affect it.

Nothing contributes so much to the duration of life as moderation.

"Don't you find it very uncomfortable to fast 30 days?" said the visitor to a man who was doing the act in a dime museum. "Well," replied the freak, "I don't mind telling you confidentially that I can stand fasting 30 days pretty well, so long as I can get a square meal every night."

A German paper says that a cook who had burned a five-pound joint of veal, to avoid a scolding, threw the spoiled meat away and told her mistress that the cat had eaten it. "Indeed," said the lady. "We will see about that;" and she took the cat, put it in the kitchen scales and found that it weighed precisely five pounds. "There, Kathrine," she said, "I suppose that is five pounds of meat, but please tell me where is the cat!"

A DROVER'S ESCAPE.

Many years ago, before the era of railroads, and when highwaymen abounded along the great Southern route from Kentucky to New Orleans, a noted Kentucky drover, who had been to the "lower country" with a large drove of horses, which he had sold for cash, was overtaken by night, on his return, near Springfield, in the county of Robertson, Tennessee. He remembered that a little distance ahead was a quiet inn he had never stopped at, and he determined to spend the night there.

As he rode up to the house, the landlord received his horse and led him away to the stable, while he invited the drover to enter the sitting room.

Here he found two young men, one of whom, from his resemblance to the landlord, he recognized as his son; the other, somewhat older, from his manners, appeared also to belong to the family. Immediately after supper the son mounted a horse, and stating that he was going to Springfield to stay all night, rode off. The Kentuckian, having looked after the comfort of his horse, requested the landlord to show him to his room.

As the traveler slipped off his garments, he felt for the leathern belt about his waist, to secure that it was secure. This contained his gold, while his paper money was in a large wallet carried, in a pocket made for the purpose, in the inside of his vest. Depositing these articles beneath the pillow, he extinguished the light, and threw himself upon the bed, and soon fell asleep.

How long he had been in this state of forgetfulness he could not tell, when he was aroused to wakefulness by the sound of some person endeavoring to open the window near the head of his bed.

Startled by this suspicious appearance of things, the drover reached toward the chair on which he had thrown his clothes for his weapons, when, to his dismay, he remembered that on his arrival, when preparing to wash off the dust of his journey he had laid them aside within the bar.

Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, the defenseless drover slipped from the foot of the bed and hid himself in the darkness behind a lot of clothing suspended from the walls of the house and watched the man, who was now slowly and cautiously entering the room. He even fancied he could detect the reflection of the dim light upon an upraised knife, as the man approached the bed. But great was his relief when, instead of an attempt at murder, the intruder carelessly shuffled off his clothes, and, throwing himself into the bed the drover had just vacated, was soon buried in deep slumber.

Not knowing what to make of this strange affair, the drover determined to dress himself, call up the landlord, and have this singular intrusion explained. He had reached his clothes, and slipped on his trousers, and was moving toward the door when steps were heard cautiously crossing the outer room. Once more he sought the shelter of the dresses, which completely screened his person, and awaited the entrance of the persons, whoever they might be. Presently the door of the room was silently opened, and two men made their appearance. It was not so dark but that the drover could readily distinguish them to be the innkeeper and the man he had seen at the supper table.

"Step lightly, I tell you," whispered the landlord, "or you'll wake him up."

"Wake—!" repied the other, with an oath. "A man that snores like that, I reckon, ain't easily awakened. Yer scared, old man!"

"Scared!" replied the first speaker. "No man ever told John Garner before he was scared! Here—give me the knife! You secure the money—it's under the pillow—I saw him put it there and I'll do the rest!"

The old man was in advance, and as he stood between the window and the drover, the latter could see his form bent over the bed, while his hand seemed to be searching beneath the pillow.

"Here, Bill—take it. Here's the wallet, and here's the belt. My God, how heavy it is!" and he passed the money to his companion, before the other had yet reached theb edside.

The old man then put his hand to his bosom, and the trembling drover saw him draw forth the long blade the other had given him. For an instant the murderous weapon was poised over his head, and then descended upon the person of the poor wretch in the bed. A half stifled groan a few gasping sobs escaped the dying man, a convulsive tremor of the bedclothes, and all was quiet.

The murderer paused in his bloody work for an instant, as if to satisfy himself that life was extinct, and then, with fiendish deliberation, drew down the coverlet, and, to make all sure passed the knife from ear to ear across the throat of the victim. Then the villian quickly moved from the room.

As soon as the sound of his footsteps had died in the distance the horror-stricken drover escaped through the window and ran with all his speed to the neighboring village, where, arousing the people of the hotel, he told his fearful story. A small crowd was soon collected about him and when enough of the facts had been gathered they accompanied him to the scene of the foul murder.

All about the house was still but on approaching the stable a light was discovered within; and moving noiselessly to the door, and peering through the cracks, the two murderers were found in the act of digging a grave beneath the flooring. A rush was made upon them, and they were arrested.

At the sight of the drover, who was the first to confront the guilty wretches the landlord uttered a shriek of terror, and fell to the ground, while his accomplice, pale as a corpse, gazed upon him with affright, not doubting it was the ghost of the murdered man who stood before him.

The party proceeded to the house, dragging the two murderers along with them. The family was by this time alarmed, and the wife and daughter of the landlord, together with the servants of the house, ignorant of the crime that just been enacted so near them, inquired into the cause of the disturbance.

Lights were procured, and, still keeping the prisoners with them, the people entered the room where lay the body of the man so strangely murdered instead of the horse dealer. The wife and daughter followed.

When the bloody covering was removed from the face of the corpse, and the full light of the candles flared upon it, a wild cry burst from the lips of the landlord's wife.

"My son! my murdered son!"

And with a hysterical scream, she fell insensible to the floor.

"No! no! it can't be so, mother," exclaimed the daughter, as she struggled to reach the bed. But the terrible truth burst upon her, as her eyes fell upon the mangled form of her brother and she also swooned upon the body.

The cries of the broken-hearted females seemed to arouse the old man for a moment, and gazing wildly at the sight before him, he also realized the terrible truth—he had murdered his own son.

On investigating the facts before the magistrate of Springfield on the following day, it was ascertained that the son of the inn-keeper who was a dissipated young man had visited the town on the previous evening, where with some associates, he had been engaged in drinking till a late hour, and being too much intoxicated to remount his horse, and ashamed to meet his family, some of his fellows had accompanied him home; and supposing the room in which the drover had been put to be vacant, they assisted the drunken man into the window. It was their voices the lodger had heard, and thus it was that the hapless youth met his death.

The accomplice of the landlord proved to be his son-in-law.

It is only necessary to add in concluding this tale of horror, that the drover recovered his money; and justice, claiming her due, the two murderers paid the penalty of their crime upon the gallows.—New York News.

EL DORADO IN MEXICO

Guerrero, Where Hundreds of Mines Were Worked by the Spaniards of Old.

How many Americans have heard of the state of Guerrero? It is one of the richest mining regions in Mexico, and it is said that its soil is a crust of silver and gold. Here the first mines were worked by the Spaniards, and the country contains hundreds of abandoned mines to-day. It lies on the Pacific, and is only partially known. It had one mine which produced 495,000 ounces of silver in a few months, and it is surrounded by great states which are now being for the first time carefully investigated. Oaxaca, just below it, is now being penetrated by the Mexican Southern Railroad, and this, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, will bring a vast gold bearing region into the market. The state is one in which President Diaz was born, and it is the one which will be on the Tehauntepec ship railway if it is ever completed. It has vast acres of good land, and I know half a dozen American capitalists who expect to make fortunes out of the coal fields which they have discovered in it.

Coal is about $26 a ton in the City of Mexico, and there are said to be fine iron deposits in near proximity to these coal fields. The climate of all this part of Mexico is very fine, and the capitalists who would buy some of the agricultural lands along this route would make a fortune. The public lands are worth from 20 to 45 cents an acre, and they will raise coffee and sugar and all kinds of grains. This new railroad will, and does already, tap the mining regions of the state of Pueblo, which contains both silver and gold, and one of the finest specimens of gold ever brought into Mexico City was shown to an American business man there by an Indian from this state about a month ago. It was a nugget of solid gold as big as your fist. The American entered into a contract with the man for the development of the region where it was found, and he traveled with him on horseback for several days, when the Indian told him he had forgotten the place. This was of course a lie.

The Spice-Eating Habit.

"It is not the liquor itself which excessive drinkers consume that causes all the woes they suffer," said a physician, who is also a man of the world, in a cafe overlooking Herald Square. "In many cases the liquor habit is accompanied by another, almost equally pernicious, which I call the spice habit. It is as insidious and almost as hurtful as the other. It arises from the custom which American drinkers have established of nibbling at cloves, peppercorns, allspice, bits of cinnamon, scraps of lemon peel, calamus or other pungent condiments after swallowing their beverage.

"In every well ordered barroom nowadays is to be found a tray containing some or all of the spices I have named, and from it three men out of five who take drinks in the place will select a bit of this, or that condiment after finishing their tipple. These substances are taken in a majority of cases either to remove the taste of the liquor from the drinker's mouth or the odor of it from his breath, but so common has the practice become that in many instances it is as much a habit as the drinking itself.

"The evils of it are severe and varied. Cloves are a powerful irritant to the stomach, and not infrequently they remain in it unassimilated, serving as a nucleus for the crystallization of alkaline properties, until finally they gather a coating which gives them the appearance of globules of glass. Peppercorns, which many drinkers eat between tipples, have a highly debilitating effect upon the system; cinnamon depresses the action of the heart, and calamus, or sweet flag root, has a bad effect upon the liver.

"The spice habit—and many drinking men are such slaves to it that they carry cloves or other condiments in their pockets to nibble at in their working hours—is scarcely less injurious to its victims than alcohol. It is an evil, moreover, which proprietors of saloons are largely responsible for increasing."—New York Herald.

Another Casablanca.

Mr. Benjamin (calling from window)—Ikey! Ikey! Vot for you standt dere und let dot Yankee poy knock you all to bieces for? Vy don'd you run avay?

Ikey—I canot run avay, mein fader; I am standting on a nickel!

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOMETHING ABOUT UNCLE SAM'S LIFE GUARDS.

Our Brave Coast Guard and How It Goes to Work to Save Life—The Fate of the Hen—Swedish Birthdays.

The story of Uncle Sam's life-saving service is one of thrilling interest for every boy and girl.

You may have read or heard of the loss of the two great emigrant ships which, not very many years ago, were driven upon the Jersey coast by the fury of a storm. In one of the unfortunate vessels were 400 persons who perished, and in the other 300 went down. We had no coast guard then. Between Sandy Hook and Little Egg

Man the Life-Boat.

Harbor ran a line of deadly reefs. It was a veritable death ground to storm-struck vessels. Congress at last realized this, and built eight life-saving stations along the coast. That was in 1847. Two years later Uncle Sam took $20,000 from his pocket and put up stations on Long Island, between Montauk Point and Coney Island. Pleased with his work, he tried again, and distributed lifeboats along the coast of the Southern states, and by and by the little houses of the life-savers arose on our lake shores.

This was good work so far as it went, but it was not enough. The stations had no regular crews. The work of rescue was left to the rough and uncouth people who dwelt in the neighborhood of the stations. Some of these people meant well enough, but they were tinctured with certain lawlessness which meant harm. They permitted the stations to fall into decay, so that when wrecks occurred no assistance could be rendered because the life lines, buoys and even the boats had been stolen. This would never do. One night the ship Powhattan went down off the Jersey coast and 300 lives were lost, because of the failure of our life-saving system.

The long-wished-for change came at last, and Uncle Sam's coast guard as it exists to-day was organized. In 1890 the Hon. S. S. Cox, the father of our life-saving service, came to the rescue. Once more Uncle Sam, listening to Mr. Cox and some others, opened his purse and took out $200,000 for the service. Sumner I. Kimball was placed at the head of the service, and he went to work with a will. He discovered a terrible state of affairs. Rats and thieves had rendered some of the stations unfit for service and shot lines and rockets were missing. No wonder people were drowned. Mr. Kimball built new stations and repaired the old ones. He put in new life-cars and discharged the inefficient crews. The new crews were regularly drilled, well fed and regularly paid. That you may know that Mr. Kimball was the right man in the right place and knew what he was doing, I have but to tell you that out of twenty-two wrecks which occurred on the Jersey coast that year not one life was lost. From time to time the efficiency of our life-saving service has been increased until it seems to have reached perfection. The whole of the Atlantic coast is now patrolled by crews of experienced men, and our lake shores are under the same surveillance. The coast service is divided into twelve districts, controlled by a general superintendent, with headquarters at Washington.

Then the stations themselves have a general inspector, who is stationed at New Work. Each district has a superintendent, who is responsible for the efficiency of his station. Next comes the stations which are in charge of keepers, each of whom must be an expert in boat craft, besides knowing all surfing and how to take charge of wrecking operations. Several able surfmen constitute the crew at each of the stations. They are paid at the rate of $50 a month—not a great sum

Cast Ashore.

when they are compelled to risk their lives perhaps a dozen times during the thirty days. They patrol the coast all the time and on stormy nights their vigilance must be doubled.

Without the night patrol the coast guard would be of little use. The patrol stations are divided into four watches of two men each. At sunset they leave the station and separate, going to right and left until they meet the patrol of other stations. The patrolmen exchange suitably inscribed checks, which is proof that their work has been performed. Having done this they go back to their houses, from which their reliefs set out and perform the same service, and so on through the whole night. The stations on the Atlantic coast are well built houses, and are about five miles apart. The telephone connects them in many places. It costs $600 to fully equip a station with the necessary apparatus. Each station must possess a surf or lifeboat and a Lyle gun, which weighs 185 pounds, and is the timely invention of Captain Lyle of the army. This gun is used to shooting a line to the wrecked vessel, and has been found to be the best of the many inventions put forward for this purpose. The breeches buoy is another apparatus indispensable to the life-saving station. It is simply a circular ring of cork from which hangs a pair of canvas breeches. The whole is arranged to hang by an iron ring to the hawser, like the life-saving car. Sitting in the buoy, one passenger at a time is drawn along the ropes by means of hauling lines and is brought in safely from the wreck.

When a vessel is driven ashore by day the sharp eye of the station lookout speedily discerns her and the alarm is sounded. If the wreck occurs at night the vigilant patrol sees her struggling in the breakers, and flash! goes the Coston light, which tells the imperiled crew that they have been sighted. In a thrice the wrecking crew appears on the scene with the life-saving apparatus. The lifeboat is always used when the sea is within bounds, though this is the most dangerous form of rescue. If the sea is too much for the boat and its crew, a line is attached to acylindrical shot, and the Lyle gun sends it across the wreck. Those on board the foundering ship seize the line and pull aboard a rope, which they make fast to the mast. The hauling line also provides them with a hawser. The shore end of the Hawser passes over an upright crotch secured by an anchor, and over this bridge the life car moves back and forth until all have been saved.

Such, in brief, is the life-saving service of our country. The men who occupy the stations are entitled to the gratitude of the whole land for their bravery and vigilance. Though their lives are not to be envied, they contain some bright spots, for there are excellent libraries at the stations, and in nice weather the men have sports of various kinds.

The Fate of the Hen.

Once an ardent bicyclist was relating his latest adventure, and explaining to the inquiring family the reason of the strange condition of his new bicycle trousers.

"You see, the road was smooth and straight, and I was going for all I was worth—the old wheel was just humming—when suddenly one of those dreadful hens these country people persist in keeping ran out in front of my 'bike.' When the hen saw the wheel coming after her she began to run, only instead of getting out of the way, she ran straight ahead. I shouted and halloed, but she kept on.

"Then I slowed up, and so did that hen. Then I turned a bit to the right—just after the hen turned that way. Then I turned to the left, and there was that hen. I did all I could to make her get out of my way or to get out of hers, but it was no use. So at last I gave up trying to save her from her fate. I ran my wheel straight ahead, faster and faster, until I overtook her and rode over her! And the jump that old bike made when it struck that hen gave me a 'header,' and over I went into the ditch! Of course there was a good puddle there—there always is; and of course, too, I got a good splashing, and that's what's the matter with my trousers, you see!"

"But what became of the hen?" asked an interested small listener.

"The hen? Pshaw! I didn't care particularly what became of the hen. It was my trousers I cared about. But if you want to know badly, I'll tell you; I believe that hen was 'in the soup'!"

"In the soup?"

"Yes, she was decidedly 'in the soup'! Indeed, I may say that I know she was 'dead in it.'"

"'Dead in it?'"

"Indeed she was! I shouldn't wonder if the man that owned her had chicken soup for a week. For that hen was so 'dead in it' that she never even winked when the bike struck her."

Swedish Birthdays.

Children in this country, however much they may enjoy birthday celebrations and gifts, are quite content to have them once a year, but the fortunate children of Sweden have three birthdays in the course of every twelve months. First, and most important is the real birth-day; but the other two are also occasions for festivity and the presentation of small gifts. These two days are those whose names the Swedish boy or girl bears. For every day in the Swedish calendar has its own special name, besides the weekly name which it bears like the days of other countries.

Sometimes the parents give a child one name which is not to found in the Swedish calendar so that there is occasionally a sorrowful plaint such as the one made by a little girl who explained regretfully to some English friends that she had "only two birthdays." "One of my names is Sigrid," she said, "and there isn't any day for that."

Every day has a special name in the German calendar as well, and some of the names, allowing for the difference in language, are the same in the corresponding dates in the two calenders. The observance of such "namesake days," however, is not by any means so common in Germany as in Sweden.

To American ears the glib statement made by a little Swedish girl who was asked as to the date of her birthday, "The fifteenth of March, twenty-second of May, and nineteenth of November," has at first a decidedly strange sound.

Willie's Reason.

"Say, pa," said Willie, "I wish you'd buy Aunt Sarah a nice comfortable arm-chair."

"Why, I thought you didn't like your Aunt Sarah, Willie."

"I don't. That's why I want her to have a nice comfortable arm-chair. She'll use it instead of sitting on me all the time."

Simple Enough.

"What's the difference between a grizzly that's been bitten on the forehead by a tiger and a saw without a hat?" asked Johnnie, at the Conundrum Club. Everybody gave it up.

"Why," said Johnnie, one is a bear with a sore head, and the other is a saw with a bare head."